

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 6.]

JUNE, 1865.

[PRICE 1½d.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

THE MARTYR PRESIDENT.

"An honest man, just like an unmoved rock;
Not shaken but made firmer by the shock;
His heart conceived no sinister device;
Fearless he played with fire and walked on ice."

FIFTY years ago there might have been seen a poor and labouring man, who had met with reverses, and had more than enough to do to make a living. Brooding over his care, for he had just buried a child, he said to his wife and family, "Let us away and leave this place, and strike through the country north-westward: we will go to the primeval forest, and build ourselves a better home where hitherto the axe has never rung." So father, mother and two children leave Kentucky for the north-west. You may picture to your mind the little girl, nine years old, by the side of her mother, and the little boy, seven years old, hand-in-hand with his father: that little boy was Abraham Lincoln. He was called "Abraham" after his grandfather, who had perished by the bullet of a red Indian when his father Thomas was only a child. That journey when a boy was one of the hardest of all his experiences, so long and weary. His mother did not long survive their removal, but died when he was only nine years old. By that time his hands had grown hard with labour, yet his heart was a child's heart, soft and deeply wounded by this first great grief. Before the death of his mother, she had seen her boy have a little schooling, and had the satisfaction to hear him read the Bible. Little did she dream of his eventful history, and its sad yet glorious end!—a life and its end that has evoked the sympathy of all the kings, princes and people of the world, and worthy of everlasting remembrance. We will try briefly to

narrate this wonderful and successful life. Much has been said and written of Mr. Lincoln during the last four years. The passions of some and the ignorance of others have allowed for a moment his virtues to be obscured. Four years ago the *Times* offered this remarkable homage, although it speedily forgot itself, but now has recovered again its memory of his worth. In 1861, its writers said, "In his person is presented for the admiration of civilized nations a spectacle, the simple grandeur of which is far more impressive to the thoughtful than all the pomp and pageantry of Emperor and King. The empire which has been committed by the popular suffrage of a free people to this new potentate, is one which any king might covet, which any emperor might desire. Thirty millions of high-spirited men—this is the dominion of Abraham Lincoln. Not by birth, not by the sword, not by the influence of wealth, not by intrigue, not by the clamour of the mob, not even by remarkable superiority of talent, of eloquence, or of learning, but by untiring energy, by unswerving integrity, by uncompromising courage, by kindness of heart, by genial humour, by strong common sense, by respectable talent, and by moderate eloquence, has Abraham Lincoln commended himself to his countrymen and won himself a place amongst the princes of the earth. 'Old Uncle Abe,' 'Honest old Abe,' are names that may raise a smile with those to whom an honest man is not God's noblest work; but the former is a proof of affection for one who has bowed the hearts of the people, and the latter has a genuine ring—how different from, yet how superior to the hollow sound that accompanies the titles of most religious kings! America has chosen for her ruler a simple, honest working man—yes, a working man. Those

hands to which has been entrusted the most delicate of tasks, the management with firm but gentle skill of the reins which guide a sensitive people, are rough with manual labour. That man who now must master the subtle arts of diplomacy, who must deal with adepts in courtiership, who must fence with and foil professors of flattery and professors of intrigue, educated to their professions from their youth up, in early life *split rails for a subsistence, or tended his father's oxen, or worked his way as a flat-boatman down the mighty Mississippi.* And this man has now become in all but name a king."

We have watched his career during the last four years. He has done or said nothing to forfeit this eulogium, but much to endorse it, and to make our race still prouder of his name.

We will glance over the leading periods of his life. He was born in 1809, and the first seven years of his life were in Kentucky. He had a few months' schooling before his mother died. Her pious care that he should read the Bible was the chief incentive to his instruction. He was not a man of many books. The lives of American and British Statesmen, the Bible, and Shakespeare's works, he did read. There were few books to be had where he was. An anecdote told of him in relation to a borrowed book we must not omit. A Mr. Crawford had lent young Lincoln, always intent upon self-improvement, a "Life of Washington:" it was in the wilds of Indiana, and perhaps there was not another copy within hundreds of miles, and, moreover, it was the "Life of Washington:" well, it was left in a window, a sudden storm of rain descended, and the book became an indistinguishable mass. Full of sorrow and of the spirit of reparation, he carried the ruined book to Mr. Crawford, lamented the misfortune, explained its origin, regretted that he had no money, but insisted upon being allowed to "work out" at least the market-value of the book. And so for two days he piled fodder for Mr. Crawford, and their accounts were considered balanced. And far from grudging the additional labour, the heart of Lincoln was lightened by it—his notions of equity had been respected; he had been suffered to make compensation.

From the age of eight to twenty-one

his life was one of hard toil, the axe and the plough, the hoe and the sickle, were his companions. For a short period he became a boatman on the Mississippi. Both in this country and in America he has been reviled because he was the child of a working man, himself a working man. Some men talk about the curse of labour, and others regard it as a reproach; but the curse of indolence, of pride and false shame, the curse of laziness, is much more serious than the curse of labour. You may safely prophesy evil where honest industry and labour are despised. President Lincoln was never ashamed to say that he had toiled hard with his hands many years to satisfy the wants of nature. When his father removed to Illinois, he stayed some time with him there, and helped him to fence his farm. We have heard a Virginian say that the first time he listened to Lincoln, and in the presence of pro-slavery men too, on the borders of Kentucky, he honoured labour in that speech, and defended the freedom of every man to provide for his own wants in the following humorous style. He said, "Man had two great material wants, food for his mouth and clothing for his body; and God, by a remarkable coincidence, had given to every man two hands to provide for his own two wants. And that institution which hinders a man's two hands from providing for his own two wants, shall crumble to the ground, dishonoured and despised by God and man."

At the age of twenty-two we find him a clerk in a store or general provision house, at a salary of fifteen shillings per week. He was then very poor, and acknowledged that when a young man his clothes were homespun and often patched; that at times he was much dependent on the kindness of friends for his further progress in education. There was one farmer Armstrong, of some means, took notice of him as a steady and good young man, and befriended him much. The time came when he was able to return this kindness, and he did it in a most generous and signal manner.

In 1832, we find he had the command of a small company of volunteers in an Indian war. After this, from the age of twenty-three to twenty-seven, he was three times elected to the legislature of

his State. During those years he made a living by surveying and measuring land, and employed all his spare time in studying the law. Afterwards he practised as a lawyer, and throughout this critical and tempting career that has debased so many minds, from first to last Lincoln was known as an honest and good man.

His friend Armstrong was dead, his wife left a widow with one reckless son. News was brought to Lincoln of his danger of being hung; so he hastened over the country to be at the side of his benefactor's widow and give her all the aid and comfort he could.

In a riot at a camp-meeting a youth had been killed, and young Armstrong was charged with the murder. He had been seen to inflict the blow: there was an accuser ready to swear to him. He was committed for trial, and as his life had been wild, public opinion was strongly excited against him; nothing but the bars of his prison protected him from Lynch law, for the murdered man had been a favourite. He himself was in despair, whilst his widowed mother called on Heaven for help. Nor did she call in vain: the dreadful news reached Lincoln's ear; he flew at once to the rescue, and took his place beside his benefactor's widow. He soon found that there was no hope of a fair trial in the court having jurisdiction; his first move, therefore, was to procure a change of venue and a postponement of the trial. Meanwhile he was diligent in his inquiries, and soon became satisfied in his own mind that his client was the victim of malice, that the accuser was his personal enemy, and that the accusation was a tissue of lies. At length the trial came on; the evidence of the witnesses for the prosecution appeared to all conclusive. The prosecutor, feeling that he had a clear case, made but a brief and formal speech. Then there was a dead silence, and Mr. Lincoln rose. Calmly and carefully he reviewed the evidence; with that shrewdness which is so characteristic of the man, he pointed out discrepancies hitherto unobserved in the statements of the principal witness; what had before seemed clear was then shrouded in a mist of uncertainty; what had appeared straight as the flight of a rifle-

bullet, became crooked as the path of a serpent; at the time when the accuser had asserted that the crime was committed, and that the ghastly features of the murderer had been revealed by the moonlight, he shewed distinctly that the moon could not have risen above the horizon; he drew a picture of the perjured accuser so truthful and so life-like, that the wretched man started up from his seat, and staggered from the court-room as though the mark of Cain were on his forehead; he set forth in words of simple pathos—irrelevant perhaps, but surely excusable—the debt of gratitude which he owed to his friend who was dead, and to the family of the dead; and he concluded by stating his conviction that, though the day was near its close, the sun would not have set ere the prisoner at the bar would go forth from that court-room a free man. Half an hour elapsed and the jury returned; the court-room was filled, but not a whisper was heard as the foreman answered the inquiry of the court with the welcome words, "Not Guilty:" then the mother sank into the arms of her son, whilst he grasped the hand of the man who had saved him. The sun had not set, and the prisoner was free. Three hearts were beating with exultation; three bosoms were full of joy and thankfulness; and not less enviable than those of the widow and her son must have been the feelings of Abraham Lincoln.

At the age of twenty-eight he went to reside at Springfield. Here he married, and had four sons born to him. Two of them are dead. One fine little fellow died since he became President; so he leaves two sons—the eldest, 21, in the army; the other son is 13 years of age. He lived in Springfield twenty-five years, until the time of his removal to Washington. Abraham Lincoln was respected in Springfield by every soul. They knew him as a sober man, as a plain, humble and righteous man. The habits, so common and pernicious, of smoking and drinking he eschewed altogether. His home was a comfortable wood-house. His political friends or foes could all testify to his constant cordiality. There was something very touching and sweet in his address on leaving Springfield for Washington, four years ago, at the rail-

way station. "My friends," he said, "no one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To the people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any man since the days of Washington. He never could have succeeded without the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him. In the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell." The touching address was given with deep emotion, and many of the auditors replied to his request for their prayers by exclaiming, "We will pray for you." How little we can forecast the future, and how much we need each other's prayers and help! He now lies buried in Springfield.

President Lincoln was the first anti-slavery President of the United States. He has shared the fate of all great reformers, of being underrated and misrepresented both at home and abroad. For upwards of twenty years he has sought the limitation and final extinction of the slave power in a legal and constitutional way. Since his first election to Congress, twenty years ago, he has always been on the free side of the House. His ability and spirit have also been grossly misunderstood in England.

At the age of forty he began to be looked upon as a leading man of what is now called the Republican party. It was that party elected him to the Presidency; they had long known and trusted to his understanding and wisdom. On great and important questions he had met the American Gladstone of debate, Douglass — on seven different occasions in public discussion transparently refuted his arguments and exposed his fallacies. Now any man in England that could so master the arguments of our leading statesmen in seven nights of discussion,

would not be deemed an ignorant man, though a working man. The Republicans had others, such as Seward, the eloquent classical and experienced senator, before them when they chose the simple-minded and honest Lincoln for the chief of their party. And Seward said they had done the right thing, and asked the people to re-elect him a second term to the Presidency. Adams, Whittier, Sumner, Holmes, Emerson and Greeley, had learned to reverence and obey this good man.

His spirit of kindness has also been misunderstood. Every man who knew Lincoln knew a man of no superficial civilities or bland and hypocritical kindness. He was open, frank, generous, cordial and sincere. He was never heard to say a bitter word against the Southern men from first to last. These are the words he addressed to them at the beginning of their differences: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature." And at the last cabinet council he spoke in a kind tone of Lee and the Southern leaders. "He was more cheerful and happy, rejoiced at the near prospect of firm and durable peace at home and abroad, manifested in marked degree the kindness and humanity of his disposition, and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him."

Many anecdotes are told of his merciful disposition and his constant kindness. The first of his soldiers tried by a court martial was sentenced to be executed. President Lincoln, fearing the fate of the poor fellow, travelled a long dark journey to be present to stop this sad execution, and pardoned the culprit for sleeping at his post. When visiting New York, the following incident occurred, so touching as a proof of Mr. Lincoln's gentleness and kindness of heart. It is narrated by a teacher at the Five Points House of Industry: — "Our Sunday-school at the Five Points was assembled, one sabbath

morning, when I noticed a tall, remarkable-looking man enter the room, and take a seat among us. He listened with fixed attention to our exercises, and his countenance expressed such genuine interest, that I approached him, and suggested that he might be willing to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure; and coming forward began a simple address, which at once fascinated every little hearer, and hushed the room into silence. His language was strikingly beautiful, and his tones musical with intensest feeling. The little faces around him would droop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning, and would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerful words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks, but the imperative shout of, 'Go on! oh, do go on!' would compel him to resume. As I looked upon the gaunt and sinewy frame of the stranger, and marked his powerful head and determined features, now touched into softness by the impressions of the moment, I felt an irrepressible curiosity to learn something more about him, and when he was quietly leaving the room I begged to know his name. He courteously replied, 'It is Abraham Lincoln, from Illinois.'

In England many have greatly underrated and misunderstood both the spirit and ability of Abraham Lincoln. What is it that causes war and all its horrible issues, perversions of the truth, evil-speaking, injustice to individual character, and calumny poured upon their leading and representative men? Serious bad feeling has sprung up in America, we know. They have read our newspapers, they have seen the ugly and malicious cartoons that have filled our shop-windows—their dead and dying, their battle-fields and strife and groans made the subjects of caricature and satiric drollery. The best man they have known from the days of Washington, brave, wise and gentle, has been misunderstood. Our countrymen will see the folly of this course, and do so no more.

It is not true that Lincoln was harsh and bloodthirsty towards the South. He understood their false position, and extenuated it as much as he could do to soften asperities. He said, "I think I

have no prejudice against the Southern people; they are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them, they would not introduce it. If it did now exist amongst us, we should not instantly give it up; this I believe of the masses North and South. Doubtless there are individuals on both sides who would not hold slaves under any circumstances, and others who would gladly introduce slavery anew if it were out of existence. We know that some Southern men do free their slaves, go north, and become tip-top Abolitionists, whilst some Northern ones go south, and become most cruel slave-masters. When Southern people tell us they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery than we are, I acknowledge the fact. When it is said that the institution exists, and that it is very difficult to get rid of it in any satisfactory way, I can understand and appreciate the saying. I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself." Lincoln told the people there was no difficulty or hardship in refusing to send slavery into newly-formed States. He believed that slavery ought to be excluded from the territories, although he did not see his way to interfere with slavery in those States where it existed. He most happily thus described the difficulties of the position:—"If," he said, "I saw a venomous snake crawling in the road, any man would say I might seize the nearest stick and kill it; but if I found that snake in bed with my children, it would be another question. I might hurt the children more than the snake, and the snake might bite them. But if there is a bed newly made up, to which the children are to be taken, and it was proposed to take a batch of young snakes and put in with them, I take it no man would say there was a question how I ought to decide. That is just the case. The new territories are the newly-made bed to which our children are to go, and it lies with the nation to say whether they shall have the snakes mixed up with them or not. It does not seem as if there could be much hesitation what our policy should be."

Though always known as cheerful, hopeful and humorous, from boyhood to

manhood, he was not the man that had learned to laugh away sorrow. His face told the tale of heart struggles, of deep feelings and frequent grief. Some of his friends believed he often said to them a witty and cheerful word to make them happy when he was sad at heart, so benevolent was his nature. Dearly was he loved by all around him. Statesmen and soldiers sat down hand in hand and wept like children when they knew that wise and generous heart was the victim of so foul a death.

In the best sense of the word, he was a religious man. His faith in God and trust in His sovereign goodness was never shaken. He saw in the awful calamity of their country the Divine justice. He said, "The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences cometh; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondmen's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword—as was said 3000 years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

He was magnanimous in his spirit. He sought above all other things the success of moral principle in their political action. He said, "You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. While pretending no indifference to earthly honours, I do claim to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety for office. I

charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity—the Declaration of American Independence."

He was forgiving to his worst enemies. The Southern men will feel his loss equally with the men of the North. The horrible crime committed upon his own person, he would have been the first to palliate its nature, and set up extenuating circumstances for this man's vicious and debauched spirit, and to have said in tenderness and pity, "Forgive; he knows not what he does." We never can forget his words on taking office for a second term:—"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wound; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

He was faithful to his pledges. He never for a moment swerved from his promises. He was elected to limit slavery and to preserve the Union intact. He has grandly done both. Some would have had him to let the Union go, others to let slavery go; but he held to his honourable word, and grandly realized all his pledges. He seemed to think it might be necessary to seal his honour with his blood, and said, if so, he would not shrink from this ordeal of a martyr's death to sustain his principles. He said, "I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am, none who will do more to preserve it; but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly." When raising a flag in Philadelphia, he asked whether the Union could be saved upon the Declaration of Independence, and in answering his own question uttered words which sound prophetically after the occurrence which has so troubled the country—"If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it"—and his last

words on the occasion were—"I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, die by."

He was humble, too. He never denied his low origin or his poverty. There was no vain show in this man. When told by so many of the wonder excited in the minds of men that he should have attained to so high a position, he said, "no one wondered more than himself that God should have called him to such duties and honours." When a poor black woman blessed him for the great things he had done for her race, he confessed his weakness before her, and told her the circumstances of the rebellion had enabled him to do more than other Presidents could have done. He took little merit to himself. He illustrated in a most conspicuous manner the life of the man that "does justice, loves mercy, and walks humbly before God."

THE PINK APRON.

SANDY and Janet were two very poor children living in a tenement-house in one of the cities in Scotland. Janet was sickly as well as poor; her parents were dead, and Sandy took care of her as well as he could. His love for his sister was all the teacher he had; it gave him kind thoughts and kept him from doing many wrong things; but one day it led him to do something for which he was sorry.

Janet loved beautiful things, though she was poor and ragged. She liked to sit at the window and watch the sunset, and to admire the flowers on the bonnets of the pretty ladies passing in the streets. One day she saw something very near her, so bright and jaunty that she wished she had it for her own. It was a pink gingham apron which a little Jewish girl had washed and hung on a line before her window.

"O Sandy!" said Janet, "I'm so lonely all day while you're gone, and if I only had the pretty pink apron I could play I was a queen, and when I got tired I could spread it on the bed, and have nice dreams about sunsets and roses."

Sandy looked troubled. "If I only could earn money, Janet; but nice people won't trust me because I look like a vagabond, and I get such mean little coppers

for running my legs off, that I can't but just keep you from starving."

"Oh! I knew it was too much," said Janet with a long sigh; "I knew I could never have a pink apron."

The colour flushed Sandy's face. Poor, sick little sister, the only thing he cared for in all the world! There was a long pause, while the gray seemed to fall out of the sky into the room, and then Sandy walked irresolutely to the window. He had scarcely looked out, when he caught sight of the identical pink apron fluttering just below, and he exclaimed excitedly, "I declare if she hasn't been washing it, and hung it right out on the frame."

"It is the very one," cried Janet, with devouring eyes. "I can almost touch it with my hand."

As she spoke, an idea flashed into Sandy's mind. "Yes," he muttered to himself, "it isn't far. How careful she's pinned it on, to be sure, and tied the string 'round and 'round. But I think I can get it. Just wait till it's darker, and I'll fasten my knife to a stick, and get astride of the window-seat, and I think—yes, I'm sure I could fetch it. Cut the strings on top, give her a pull to the side, and off she'll come, and the little Jew girl will think the wind blew it away. Janet," cried he, aloud, "you shall have the pink apron."

"What can you mean, Sandy?" said Janet, eagerly.

"I'm going to hook it in for you just as soon as it's a little darker, and there comes a row in the streets so the policemen will be too busy to be looking up."

Janet looked dismayed, and the glow faded from her cheeks. "Don't you remember 'Our Father,' Sandy?" she faltered.

"Oh! the one mother used to tell us about sometimes?" said Sandy, a little dashed; "well, I think I could explain it all to him, how you were sick, and may be would die if you didn't have the apron, and how the Jew girl had plenty of clothes, and would never miss it, but just have a new one to-morrow."

"But," said Janet, uneasily, "won't thieves have to go to some dreadful place when they die?"

"Well, now," said Sandy, undauntedly, setting himself upon an old pail, "I'll tell you what I think about it. I don't

think 'Our Father,' as you call him, has ever been much of a father to us. We've always had to scratch around the best way we could for ourselves. Now, my notion is that he's a sort of grand policeman, very strong, and with very sharp eyes, and when he sees any one doing anything wrong, he springs on 'em and shuts 'em up somewhere. But, Janet, I'm the greatest fellow to dodge you ever saw—just as slippery as an eel. There isn't an old 'buttons' on this street that I haven't dodged over and over, and I guess when the right time comes I can dodge again, and slip up to heaven somehow. Then my plan is to hide around for a time, and when they find me at last they won't think it worth while to turn me out."

Janet was lost in admiration of all this wisdom.

"But," added Sandy, "you're a girl and not up to dodges; and, perhaps, to make a safe thing of it, you'd better be good."

An hour afterwards, with great peril, the gay little apron was dragged through the window, and at first Janet laughed with pleasure as she put it on over her rags. But before long she grew very sober.

"Sandy," said she, suddenly, "where is God?"

"Up in the sky, somewhere, I've heard," said Sandy; "but I don't know what holds him."

"Can he see in here?"

"May be so."

"Well, please pin the quilt up to the window," said she, with her little lips trembling. "Some-way, I don't want to have him see me with the pink apron on."

It grew darker. The lead had certainly fallen out of the sky into that little room. Janet played "queen" but a very short time, and found no pleasure in it, and with a perplexed and disappointed face she folded the apron carefully and put it under the pillow. Sandy, too, was ill at ease. They were all very still a long time—an age it seemed to Sandy—till he couldn't stand it any longer.

"Janet," he called, "are you asleep?"

"Oh, no," sighed she.

"Well, I feel very queer. I believe I'm sorry I sto—took the pink apron."

BISHOP WHATELY'S BRAIN TONIC.

A HARD thinker, he required compensating sleep. Man, from first to last, is fighting a battle of death through the tissues. These are wasted by labour, but as long as they can be fully renewed by food, the man lives and is well. Otherwise he decays and dies. So with the brain, it weakens under continued protracted labour, particularly at night. Sleep restores it to strength and fresh inclination and capacity for work. If sleep fail to do this, or if sufficient sleep be not allowed for the repose and invigorating the brain, its powers decay, and even insanity may supervene through overwork, especially at undue times. No one knew this better than Whately, who may be said to have slept as fast as he could. Idle people are not to take this as a justification of their sluggardism. When Whately felt fatigued from overtaxing the brain in the day time, he would close his books, and a quarter of an hour after you might have seen the following instructive spectacle.

"The first occasion on which I ever saw Dr. Whately (observes a correspondent) was under curious circumstances. I accompanied my late friend Dr. Field to visit professionally some member of the Archbishop's household at Redesdale, St. Morgan. The ground was covered by two feet of snow, and the thermometer was down almost to zero. Knowing the Archbishop's character for humanity, I expressed much surprise to see an old labouring man in his shirt sleeves felling a tree 'after hours' in the demesne, while a heavy shower of sleet drifted pitilessly on his wrinkled face. 'That labourer,' replied Dr. Field, 'whom you think the victim of prelatial despotism, is no other than the Archbishop curing himself of a headache. When his grace has been reading and writing more than ordinarily, and finds any pain or confusion about the cerebral organization, he puts both to flight by rushing out with an axe, and slashing away at some ponderous trunk. As soon as he finds himself in a profuse perspiration he gets into bed, wraps himself in Limerick blankets, falls into a sound slumber, and gets up buoyant.'

THE AMERICAN REBELLION AND ITS RESULTS.

FROM first to last our readers know we have held fast to our faith that the rebellion would be crushed and that the slave would go free. We may now say the end is come; the rebel power is dispersed, and all their hopes of a slave empire are sunk in the deepest sea, never to rise again to trouble the earth. We congratulate the North on its victory; and the children of the South will rise up and call the conquerors of their fathers blessed for having rooted out of their land that enormous crime that defiled the South and dishonoured the great republic. A few months ago, the cry was, among those who wish for class government, that the republican bubble had burst, that democratic institutions were a failure. Now they must change the tone of their triumph, and do homage to that form of government that can rise and assert its power and restore order in such a crisis as that through which the people of the North have passed. None but a people attached to its form of government and strong in the justice of its cause could have come through such a season of trial. Awful as has been the carnage and long the struggle, we are glad to find the passions of the people are being speedily allayed, and North and South are joining hands to vex each other no more. It has been said a few years' war hurls back the civilization of any country for a century. This war has greatly advanced the freedom of a class of people that was trodden down to the very dust. The interests of education and true religion in the homes of the people have been abundantly cared for during the whole of this struggle. And, now it is over, many of the painful incidents and sad scenes will be used by the poet, the artist and the historian, to soften the hearts of succeeding generations, and mould to pity and softest compassion the people of that great country and the world. There is always being distilled out of the every-day evils of life some sweet good; and out of the many war scenes and bereavements of this great struggle will come a compensation that will justify the Providence that permits such conflicts to take place. Already

our eyes have fallen upon innumerable instances of charity and goodwill that have sprung up from this war. Tales of true pathos and poems of sweetest feeling are springing out of the strife. We subjoin the following touching lines as a specimen of our meaning.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into the ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day;
Somebody's darling, so young and so
brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's
face.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young
brow;
Pale are the lips of a delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you
know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white,
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?
God knows best! he has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of
prayer.

Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for
him—

Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop in his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

REMINISCENCES OF THE BEST HOURS OF LIFE FOR THE HOUR OF DEATH.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

IN the little village of Heim, Gottreich Hartmann resided with his old father, who was a curate; and although the old man had well-nigh outlived all those whom he had loved, he was made happy by his son. Gottreich discharged his duties for him in the parish.

In Gottreich there thrilled a spirit of true poetry. His father had had in his youth a poet's ardour of like intensity, but it was not favoured by the times. Nevertheless, the repressed spirit of a poet, when it cannot exhale itself in creation, recoils but the more closely and fantastically into the depths of his heart.

How beautiful and how pure is the position of God's ministers! All that is good dwells around them,—religion, poetry, and the life of a shepherd of souls; whilst other professions offer only to choke up this goodly neighbourhood. Son and father seemed to live in one another; and on the site of filial and paternal love there arose the structure of a rare and singular friendship. Thus the father found again his old Christian heart sending forth new shoots in the bosom of his Gottreich, and moreover the best justification of the convictions of his life and of his love.

If it be pain to us to love and at the same time to contradict, to refuse with the head what the heart grants, it is all the sweeter to us to find ourselves and our faith transplanted forwards in a younger being. Life is then a beautiful night, in which not one star goes down but another rises in its place.

Gottreich possessed a paradise, in which he laboured as his father's gardener; he was at once the wife, the brother, the friend, the all that is to be loved by man, of his parent. Every Sunday brought him a new pleasure, that of preaching a sermon before his father. He displayed so much power in his pulpit eloquence, that he seemed to labour more for the elevation and edification of his father than for the enlightenment of the common people; though he held a maxim, which I take to be far from erroneous, that the highest subjects of intellectual

speculation are good for the people as for children, and that *man can only learn to rise from the consideration of that which he cannot surmount.*

To these two happy men was added a happy woman also. Justa, an orphan, sole mistress of her property, had entirely left and sold the trading house which had been her father's in the town, and had removed into the upper part of a good peasant's cottage, to live entirely in the country. Justa did nothing in the world by halves, but she often did things more than most would deem completely, at least in all that touched her generosity. She had not long resided in the village of Heim, and had seen the meek Gottreich and listened to some of his springtide sermons, ere she discovered that he had won her heart, filled as it was with the love of virtue; she nevertheless refused to grant him her hand until the conclusion of the great peace, after which they were to be married. She was ever fonder of doing what is difficult than what is easy. I wish that it was here the place to tell of the may-time life they led, which seemed to blossom in the low parsonage-house hard by the church-door under Justa's hand; how these three hearts played into one another, no one of which in this most pure and intimate intercourse knew or felt anything which was not of the fairest; and how good and gay intention marked the passage of their lives. Every bench was a church chair, all was peaceful and holy, and the firmament above an infinite church dome.

In many a village and in many a house a true Eden may be hid, which has neither been named nor marked down; for joy is fond of covering over and concealing her tenderest flowers.

Nothing recalls the close of life to a noble-hearted young man so much as precisely the happiest and fairest hours which he passes. Gottreich, in the midst of the united fragrance and beauty of the flowers of joy, even with the morning-star of life above him, could not but think on the time when the same should appear to him as the evening-star, warning him of sleep. Then said he to himself: "All is now so certain and so clear before me, the beauty and the holiness of life, the splendour of the universe, the

Creator, the dignity and the greatness of man's heart, the bright images of eternal truth, the whole starry firmament of ideas which enlightens, instructs and upholds man! But when I am grown old, and in the obstruction of death, will not all that now rustles so bloomingly and livingly about me appear grey and dull? Just when man is approaching that heaven which he has so long contemplated, Death holds the telescope inverted before his dim eye, and lets him see only what is empty, distant, shadowy. But is this indeed true? Shall I be more likely to be right when I only feel, and think, and hope with half a life, incapable of a keen glance or an intense sensation,—or am I right now that my whole heart is warm, that my whole head is clear, and my strength fresh? I acknowledge that the present is the fittest season, and that precisely because I *do* acknowledge it to be the fittest. I will then live through this day-time of truth attentively, and bear it away with me to the evening dusk, that it may lighten my end."

In these sweetest may-hours of youth, when heaven and earth and his own heart were beating together in triune harmony, he gave ardent words to his ardent thoughts, and kept them written down under the title of "*Reminiscences of the best hours of life for the hour of death.*" He meant to cheer himself at his last hour with these views of his happy life, and to look back from the glow of the evening to the brightness of the morning of his youth.

Thus lived these three beings, ever rejoicing more deeply in one another and in their genial happiness, when at last the chariots of the struggle and the victories of the Holy War began to roll over the land.

Now Gottreich became another man. The active powers of his nature, which had heretofore been the quiet audience of his poetical and oratorical powers, arose, and were now seeking an object to lay hold of. He dared not, however, risk to propose a separation to his father. To Justa alone he confided his wishes, but she did not give them encouragement, because she thought the old man's solitude would be too great for him to bear. At last the old man himself, in-

spirited for war, said that his son had better go.

Gottreich departed, trusting to the autumnal strength of his father's life. He enlisted as a common soldier, and preached also wherever he was able.

When at length, in the most beautiful month of May which ever Germany had won by conquest, the festivals of victory and of peace began in more than one nation, Gottreich was unwilling to pass those days of rejoicing so far from those who were dearest to him; he longed for their company, that his joy might be doubled: so he took the road to Heim. Justa had already sent him the little annals of the parsonage; had told how she longed for his return, and how his father rejoiced; how well the old man stood the labours of his office, and how she had still better secrets of joy in store for him. To these latter belonged, perhaps, one which he had not forgotten, namely, her promise to give him her hand after the great peace.

As he was thus thinking upon that day's meeting, and as the mountains above his father's village, in which he was so soon to clasp those fond hearts to his own, were seen more and more clearly in relief against the blue sky, he caught sight of the low church-steeple peeping from the clustered trees, and he entered upon that tract of the valley where the parsonage lay, all reddened by the evening sun.

At last he entered quietly the parsonage-house, and slowly opened the well-known door. The room was empty, but he heard a noise overhead. When he opened the door of the upper chamber, which was filled with a glow from the west, Justa was kneeling before the bed of his father, who, sitting half upright, was looking with a haggard, stiff and bony countenance toward the setting sun before him. A clasp of her lover to her breast, and one exclamation, was all his reception. But his father stretched his wizened hand slowly out, and said with difficulty, "Thou art come at the right time!" without adding whether he spoke of the preachings, or of their separation.

Justa hastily related how the old man had overworked himself, till body and spirit had given way together; so that he no longer took a share in anything,

though he longed to be with the sharers; and how he lay prostrate with broken wings, looking upwards like a needy child. The old man was grown hard of hearing, and she could say all this in his presence.

Gottreich soon confirmed it to himself. He would fain have infused the fire of conquest, reflected in his own bosom, which like a red evening cloud was announcing a fair dawn to Europe, into that old and once strong heart: but he heard neither wish nor question of it. The old man gazed steadily upon the sun, until at last it was hid by storm. Nevertheless the war of the elements seemed to touch him but little; the glare of life broke dimly through the thickening ice of death. A dying man knows no present, —nothing but the future and the past.

On a sudden the landscape grew dark, all the winds stood pent, the earth oppressed; then there came a gush of rain and a crash of thunder. The lightning streamed around the old man, and he looked up altered and astonished. "Hist!" said he; "I hear the rain once more; speak quickly, children, for I shall soon depart."

Both his children clung to him, but he was too weak to embrace them.

And now, as the warm healing springs of the clouds bathed the sick earth, down from the dripping tree to the blades of grass, and as the sky glistened mildly as with a tear of joy, and the thunder went warring away behind the distant mountains, the sick man pointed upwards, and said, "Seest thou the lordliness of God? My son, strengthen now at the last my weary soul with something holy, in the spirit of love, and not of penance; for if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God. Say something rich in love to me of God and of his works."

Then the eyes of his son overflowed to think that he should read the Reminiscences which he had prepared for his own deathbed at the deathbed of his father. When he said this to him, the old man answered, "Hasten, my son!" and with a faltering voice Gottreich began to read. "Remember, in the darkening hour, that the glow of the universe once filled thy breast, and that thou hast acknowledged the magnitude of existence. Hast

thou not looked forth into one half of infinity by night, and into the other half by day? Think away the nothingness of space, and the earth which is around thee; worlds above, around and beneath arch thee about as a centre, all impelling and impelled, splendour within splendour, magnitude within magnitude; all brightness centring in the universal Sun. Carry thy thoughts forward through eternity toward that universal Sun; thou shalt not arrive at darkness nor emptiness. What is empty dwells only between the worlds, not around the world.

"Remember in the dark hour those times when thou hast prayed to God in ecstasy, and when thou hast thought on Him—the greatest thought of finite man—the Infinite One!"

Here the old man clasped his hands, and prayed low.

"Hast thou not known and felt the existence of that Being whose infinity consists not only in his strength, in his wisdom and his eternity, but also in his love and in his justice? Canst thou forget the time when the blue sky by day and the blue sky by night opened on thee, as if the mildness of God was looking down on thee? Hast thou not felt the love of the Infinite, when it veiled itself in its image, in loving hearts of men; as the sun, which casts its light not on our moon alone, for our nights, but on the morning and evening star also, and on every little twinkler, even to the furthest from the earth?"

"Remember, in the dark hour, how in the spring of thy life the mounds of earth which are graves appeared to thee only as the mountain-tops of another far and new world; and how in the midst of the fullness of life thou didst acknowledge the value of death. The snow of the grave shall warm the frost-bitten limbs of age to life again. As a navigator who suddenly disembarks from the cold, wintry and lonely sea, upon a coast which is laden with the warm rich blossoms of spring, so with one leap from our little bark we pass at once from winter to an eternal springtime."

"Rejoice, in this dark hour, that thy life dwells in the midst of a wider and larger life. The earth-cloth of the globe has been divinely breathed upon. A world swarms with life, for the leaf of

every tree is a land of souls; and every little life would freeze and perish, if it was not warmed and borne up by the eddies of life about it. The sea of time glitters, like the sea of space, with countless beings of light: death and resurrection are the valleys and mountains of the ever-swelling ocean. There exists no dead anatomy; what seems to be such is only another body. Without a universal living existence there would be nothing but a wide all-encompassing death. We cling like mosses to the alps of nature, drawing life from the high clouds. Man is the butterfly which flutters up to Chimborazo,—but above the butterfly soars the condor: however many, small or great, the giant and the child are free wanderers in one garden; and the fly of a day may retrace its infinite series of progenitors to those first beings of its kind which played over the waters of Paradise before the evening sun.

"Never forget the thought, which is now so clear to thee, that the individuality of man lasts out the greatest suffering and the most entrancing joy alike unscathed, while the body crumbles away in the pains and pleasures of the flesh. Herein are souls like marsh-lights, which shine in the storm and the rain unextinguishable."

"Canst thou forget in the dark hour that there have been mighty men amongst us, and that thou art following after them? Raise thyself like the spirits which stood upon their mountains, having the storm of life only about, and never above them. Call back to thee the kingly race of sages and of poets who have inspired and enlightened nation after nation."

"Speak of our Redeemer," said the father.

"Remember Jesus Christ, in the dark hour,—remember him who also passed through life,—remember that soft Moon of the infinite Sun, given to enlighten the night of the world. Let life be hallowed to thee, and death also, for he shared both of them with thee. May his calm and lofty form look down on thee in the last darkness, and shew thee his Father."

A low roll of thunder was now heard to pass over the dun clouds which the tempest had left, and the setting sun

filled the entire vault of heaven with the magnificence of his fire.

"Remember, in the last hour, how the heart of man can love. Canst thou forget the love wherewith one heart repays a thousand hearts, and the soul during life is nourished and vivified from another soul, as the oak of a hundred years clings fast to the same spot with its roots, and derives new strength, and sends forth new buds during its hundred springs?"

"Dost thou mean me?" said the father.

"I mean my mother also," replied the son.

Justa wept when she heard how her lover would console himself in his last hours with the reminiscence of the days of her love; and the father said, but very gently, thinking on his wife, "To meet again, to meet again!"

"Remember then, in the last hour," continued Gottreich, "that pure being with whom thy life was beautiful and great,—with whom thou hast wept tears of joy, with whom thou hast prayed to God, and in whom God appeared unto thee, in whom thou didst find the first and last heart of love,—and then close thine eyes in peace!"

On a sudden the clouds were cleft into two huge black mountains, and the deep sun looked forth from between them, as it were out of a valley between buttresses of rock, gazing upon the earth with its joy-glistening eye.

"See!" said the dying man, "what a glare!"

"It is the evening sun, father."

"Ay, this day shall we see one another again!" continued the old man; but he spoke of his wife, who was long since dead.

The son was unable, from his emotion, to paint to his father the blessedness of meeting again upon the earth, which he had that very day enjoyed by anticipation and described upon his journey; or to say to him how it comes, that meeting again is a renewal of love in a better state; and that, if the first meeting was apt to overflow into the future, reminiscence binds the flowers of the present and the fruits of the past upon one stem. Who could have courage to speak of the joys of earthly meeting to one who seemed to be already in the contemplation of a meeting in heaven?

Startled he asked, "Father, what ails thee?"

"I do think thereon in the dark hour; ay, thereon and thereupon again; and death is also beautiful, and the parting in Christ," murmured to himself the old man, as he tried to take Gottreich's hand, which he had not strength to press. It was but the usual nervous snatching of the fingers of the dying. He continued to think that his son was still speaking to him, and said, more and more emphatically, "O thou blessed God!" until all the other luminaries of life were extinguished, and in his soul there stood nothing but the one sun—God!

At length he raised himself, and stretching out his arm, forcibly exclaimed: "There are three fair rainbows over the evening sun; I must go after the sun, and pass through with him!" He then fell back, and all was over.

At that moment the sun went down, and there glimmered at his setting a broad rainbow in the east.

"He is gone," said Gottreich to Justa, in a voice choked with grief; "but he is gone from us unto his God, in the midst of great, pious and unmingled joy; then weep no more, Justa."

At that moment his own hitherto restrained tears found a vent, and he pressed the dead hand against his face.

It grew dark, and a warm rain distilled gently over the earth. The children left the motionless form alone, and wept more tranquilly for that sun of their love which, with its pure light, had withdrawn from the clouds and tempests of the world to another dawn.

OFF TO CHURCH.

Upon what slight grounds and the most unsafe of all reasons do chapel-going people at times fly off to church! True, the church is always large enough and respectable enough as an institution to receive all comers; and if our people will go there, they should go rendering no reasons but that they will to do so, and that their will is their reason: when they render reasons for going to church, they sound strange indeed. There was my friend—I need not tell his name; he used to have much his own way in the government of his chapel affairs. The people at last came to believe they might

fairly take a share in the government, and my friend then rushed off to church, where he could have no voice, part or lot of the government at all. His reason for going to church would look very paradoxical indeed.—That little fussy gentleman you see going into the parish church of that quiet little town—we know the man—told the people he always went to chapel before he came to their little town. But the chapel he went to was a large, respectable chapel, filled with gentlefolk, like those who here go to church: so he liked respectability, and rushed off to church, and sung and said "Amen" to a creed that damned all his former fellow-worshippers. It takes the very soul out of respectable appearances when we think of such a reason for going to church.—"I'll go to church," said a lady to one of our ministers, "and have nothing more to do with this denomination, for I find some of the ministers of our chapels deny the miraculous and supernatural." It was no use expostulating with her, and telling her that some of the Church clergy were in the same spiritual darkness; she had made up her mind, and she would go to church.—"I might as well go to church," said another, "if our minister so insists upon our belief in prophets and miracle-working. I will try to find out a minister of the anti-supernatural school, and till I do so I will go to church."—The minister of another Dissenting chapel got so enamoured with the duty of paying church-rates, that the people thought they might as well go and sit in the seats they paid for at the parish church, and if he could find another congregation or quarters within the Establishment, he might do so too.—"Our minister has turned so political of late, and so opposed to the Establishment," said the member of an important board, "I think I must leave off going to a political meeting-house, and go to church; there they interfere with nobody."—"I don't like this intoning of Amens," said Miss Stiff; "and if they persist in going on this way in chapel, I'll be off to church, where they are authorized to do it, and can do it well."—"The chapel service is too bald and plain for me in this musical age," said an admirer of tones and semitones, "and I am thinking of taking my family

to church."—"From political reasons I always attended the chapel," said a reformer; "and when I was young we thought the church a political wrong, and would soon come to an end." And as deferred hope makes the heart sick, our old reformer began in his latter days to hug corruption and go to church.

Our readers know upon what trifling pretexts and unsound reasons do people leave off attending their Dissenting places of worship and go and support a Church establishment. We do not for a moment deny the virtue or the piety or the sound good sense of the mass who attend the State Church; but we do deny the validity of the reasons and the moral character of the pleas of those who take offence at their Dissenting brethren generally and fly off to church.

THE PROUD MAN.

A PROUD man is a fool in fermentation, that swells and boils over like a porridge-pot. He sets out his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a tumour and inflammation of self-conceit, that renders every part of him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage, and has transformed him into his own mistress. He is his own gallant, and makes most passionate addresses to his own dear perfections. He commits idolatry to himself, and worships his own image; though there is no soul living of his church but himself, yet he believes as the church believes, and maintains his faith with the obstinacy of a fanatic. He is his own favourite, and advances himself not only above his merit, but all mankind; is both Damon and Pythias to his own dear self, and values his crony above his soul. He gives place to no man but himself, and that with very great distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatever he has receives a value in being his; as a horse in a nobleman's stable will bear a greater price than in a common market. He is so proud, that he is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others, for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially; therefore he

treats himself civilly as a stranger, with ceremony and compliment, but admits of no privacy. He strives to look bigger than himself as well as others, and is no better than his own parasite and flatterer. A little flood will make a shallow torrent, swell above its banks, and rage, and foam, and yield a roaring noise, while a deep, silent stream glides quietly on; so a vain-glorious, insolent, proud man swells with a little frail prosperity, grows big and loud and overflows its bounds, and when he sinks leaves mud and dirt behind him. His carriage is as glorious and haughty as if he was advanced upon men's shoulders, or tumbled over their heads like Knipperdolling. He fancies himself a Colosse; and so he is, for his head holds no proportion to his body, and his foundation is lesser than his upper stories. We can naturally take no view of ourselves unless we look downwards, to teach us what humble admirers we ought to be of our own value. The slighter and less solid his materials are, the more room they take up, and make him swell the bigger, as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more close and solid parts.

GIPSIES IN RELIGION.—William Jay, in one of his sermons, makes a passing allusion to a class of persons whom he thus happily characterizes. "There are professed followers of Christ who never become members of any religious society, or if, after having had one such connection, they change their residence, carefully avoid forming another. They have no spiritual home." They wander from place to place. They elude all ecclesiastical duties. They decline all the king's taxes. Never contributing to the support of any advantages which they enjoy, they may be justly said to 'steal their preaching.' They receive little good, and do less. Instead of being fellow-citizens with the saints, they are spiritual outlaws. Instead of entering some one company, regiment or corps in Christ's army, they are mere stragglers, of no use to any one, and very liable to be cut off. They own no responsibility, they acknowledge no oversight. They live by themselves and to themselves. They have no growth, no enlargement, and it is owing to the singular mercy of God that they do not at once lose all Christian character and hope. If all were like them, there would soon be no church, no ordinances, no believers, no religion on earth. Alas for the religious gipsies! May God give them the grace of repentance, and bring them to a better mind and a better life."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

SOLITUDE.—One hour of solitude, passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or the conflict with and conquest over a single passion or bosom-sin, will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty and form the habit of reflection, than a year's study in the schools without them.—*Coleridge.*

PARISIAN HONESTY.—A regular account is kept at the Paris Prefecture of Police of all articles found in the streets and deposited at the Prefecture by the finders. The value of the articles deposited there for the last twelve months amounts to 390,000*f.* (£15,600). The articles were 12,224 in number; besides which cabmen and omnibus drivers left 20,529 objects, valued at 495,174*f.*, total 33,000 articles of various kinds, amounting to 885,000*f.*, or £35,400. Not more than one-half these articles have been claimed by their owners. In addition to those just mentioned, the following articles were found, and within the last month or so faithfully deposited with the police. A gold bracelet with diamonds, deposited by a working house-painter; 700*f.* in bank-notes, by a female servant; porte-monnaie, containing shares and 170*f.* in money, by a coffee-house waiter; a valuable gold watch, by a poor widow; a debenture for 500*f.*, payable to bearer, by a boy fifteen years old; 2000*f.*, in bank notes; 1700*f.*, in bank-notes, by an omnibus clerk; 1290*f.*, by a cab-driver; 3500*f.*, by a cab-man; and a bracelet, in gold and diamonds, valued at 15,000*f.*, by a cab-man. These acts tell greatly in favour of the honesty of the humbler class of Parisians.

PRAYER.—Let every man study his prayers, and read his duty in his petitions. For the body off our prayer is the sum of our duty; and as we must ask of God whatsoever we need, so we must labour for all that we ask.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

NOBLE REVENGE.—When I was a small boy, there was a black boy in the neighbourhood, by the name of Jim Dick. Myself and a number of my playfellows were one evening collected together at our sports, and began tormenting the poor black by calling him "Negro, Blackamoor," and other degrading epithets; the poor fellow appeared excessively grieved at our conduct, and soon left us. We soon after made an appointment to go a-skating in the neighbourhood; and on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him and asked him for them; "Oh, yes, John, you may have them and welcome," was his answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness. He looked at me and with tears in his eyes said to me, "John, don't never call me blackamoor again," and immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved not to abuse a poor black in future.—*Southey.*

FREDERICA BREMER ON THE AMERICAN WAR.—I cannot but believe, with you, that this war is providential, and, after its worst is done, its woes are past, will serve as a baptism for a new and higher life. A baptism of blood, true, and terrible it is; but the grace of God will turn the very wounds, to eyes which see his will, into fountains of sympathy and charity. God bless America! My heart is there now more than ever; and were I more young I would be there soul and body, and mix among those who take care of the sick and wounded. But I am old, and shall hardly ever more cross the Atlantic, except with my warm wishes.

A BAD PHOTOGRAPH.—A curious circumstance occurred recently in Brussels—namely, the prosecution of a photographer, by a gentleman, for exhibiting his photograph at the shop door. He said that owing to the circumstance, and the ugliness of the copy of nature, he had lost a good chance of making a rich marriage.

THE EBB AND FLOW OF BEAUTY.—Beauty makes its own fashions when it comes, and we must remember that it is not once a beauty and always a beauty. People are continually being disappointed in children in this respect; cherubs grow up into ogres,—mouths widen most portentously about fourteen years old; dimples about that time often vanish, and noses then can lengthen, or crook, or even snub; and it is fortunately the same the other way, too—that faces ugly in the cradle may quite change by twenty. Some people's beauty comes very late indeed, and those who have been repugnant in their youth and maturity may look splendid in old age. Gray hairs and white beards become some folks wonderfully; a few wrinkles, also, greatly improve certain faces; and one old lady of our acquaintance we never dreamed was beautiful till we saw her in spectacles.

SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.—The varieties of spelling of Shakespeare's name are so many, that we have made a collection of the several forms of orthography employed therein: Chacsper, Saxpere, Saxspere, Schacksper, Schackspeare, Schackspiere, Schacksperre, Schakspeare, Shacksper, Shackspire, Shagspere, Shakespere, Shakespear, Shakespere, Shaksper, Shakspeyre, Shaksipere, Shakspeare, Sohaksper, Schaksper, Schacksper, Schakspeyr, Schakuspeare, Shaxeper, Shaxespere, Shaxksper, Shakyspere, Shaksper, Shaxper, Shaxpere, Shaxsper, Shaxpere.—*Ex. Paper.*

UNITARIAN HAND-BOOK.—The third edition, sixth thousand, price One Shilling, sent post free by WHITFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, Strand.

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to Rev. R. SPEARS, 15, Upper Stamford Street, S., and all Business Letters to WHITFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, Strand, W.C.

Printed and Published by WHITFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, STRAND.